tows the charms of rounded arms,
If eyes that love's soft juster shed,
or raves hair, and treases fair,
It choeks that to with white and red,
It penting lips where Cupilt dips
The arrows that to intarts are sped;
But none of these my fairty places place
Lake the bounde hands that make good bre

Some hands have art to move the heart by waking musics sweet appeal; lonic borrow dyes from period skies, And through the canvas make us fred; Some make the dress fals forms careas. To win the heart and turn the head— For me mener rare, beyond compare, Are the bonnic hands that make good bread.

Gay malden, wan the rustling train.
Those tes sited hands so lifty crossed.
That lifter mind on pleasance find.
In every hour fanolity lost—
But I'll not senk whene 'er I wed,
For precised hands, or gold, or hads,
But for it to bonnike hands that make good
bread,
—Stangel Edge,

Samuel Edgar, in Burlington Bankeys.

DR. MOLTON'S MOTHER.

THE clock on the mantel had just chimed one short, musical stroke. Through the half closed blinds shone the silvery light of the fast-waning moon; the candle had burned low in its socket:

and he scarcely himself knew the innate tritation they betrayed.

"Mother, why did you not let me know you were coming?"

"I meant to surprise you, my boy," she answered, fondly. "Can it be that I have done wrong?"

"No, no," he hastly replied. "Come, "No, no," he hastly replied. "You read." silvery light of the fast-waning moon; the candle had burned low in its socket; the log of wood had converted itself to ashes; but of all this Dr. Bernard Molton saw or heard nothing, as he sat in his office chair, lost in thought. If the moon had bidden the world good-night, if the candle's feeble existence had entirely ceased, and even the red glow of the ashes in the grate had died away, he would still have again on the price by the world still have again on the red glow. he would still have seen only the picture of the woman's face whom he loved. It was with him now as it had been

with him for hours past, since the mo-ment he had placed his fate in Violet Fane's keeping, and she had accepted it. No wonder that it all seemed new it. No wonder that it all seemed new and strange to him—that he was heedless of time and space. She was such a 
delicate, high-born lady, and he—ah! 
mother vision came before him now. 
Not the cheerful office, with its luxurious appointments—he might at least 
offer Violet a home worthy of her—but 
the memory of the days when he had 
run, a little barefooted lad, about his 
mother's cottage, and she, toiling for mother's cottage, and she, toiling for her only child, had earned, one by one, the dollars which had sent him first to the village school, and then to the great city to learn the profession for which he

He had succeeded well and bravely, beyond his ambitious hopes; but the mother who had toiled for him—where was she? Why was it that to night her old, wrinkled face drove even Violet Fane's beauty from him?

True, he had no longer allowed her to work true also say in her life.

to work; true, she sat at ease in her lit-tle cottage, thinking of and praying for her boy, who was so good and generous to her; but was it his fault that his patients were so many and his hours so precious that he could find no time to radden her old heart by a glimpse of

ghadden her old heart by a gampse of him now and then?

And now—now that he thought of Violet as his wife—Violet, with her high-bred ways—Violet, whose every association was in such a widely differ-ent sphere—could it be that he was ashamed of his mother?

The candle died out entirely; the wood was white with ashes now; the moon had sunk to rest, the clock chimed two but a red-hot flush burned on Dr. Mol-ton's cheek as he rose to find his way up to his room and bed, and perhaps

forgetfulness in sleep.
For three long hours he sought the boon in vain, and when at last it came boon in vain, and when at last it came to him, and his tired eyes closed, how could be but dream of those other eyes just awakening in the far-off home, which somehow to-night had so persist-ently haunted his thoughts? In the little sottage all was bustle, for Mrs. Molton had descrained to give her

Mrs. Molton had determined to give her boy a surprise, and the train for London

boy a surprise, and the train for London started very early.

London! It lay ten long hours away. It would be almost nightfall when she arrived. How glad Bernard would be to see her! He had never proposed her coming, because he had thought she would not find the courage; as though for his sake she would not dare or do arrived. How glad Bernard would be to see her! He had never proposed her coming, because he had thought she would not find the courage; as though for his sake she would not dare or do any thing!

She was sorry now she had not had the village dressmaker make up the black silk he had sent her, but it looked so grand in its lastrous folds that it seemed a pity to touch it with the seissors; and she would seem more naturallike to Bernard in her stiff dress.

Had the man some lingering hope that the girl before him would refuse the sacrifice? Certainly an added look of suffering grew into his eyes as she answered nothing, only laid her hand in his a moment as if in farewell. His visits seemed very long, very weary all that day; but, as he crossed the home threshold at nightfall, he smoothed the frown from his brow, as he remarked:

"She must suspect nothing."

He would find her, he knew, in his study. As he softly sproud the

inat it with the scissermard in her stiff dress.

How often she had pictured him in his lonely home! She hoped he might take off her bonnet, and, slipping on her white cap, let him find her, with her knitting in hand, quietly scated by the fire-side, waiting his return.

All the way in the train, when at last she had got started on her journey, she could hardly keep her happy thought the smiling old for ing tuggin.

Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & HON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : OHIO

THE BONNIE HANDS THAT MAKE
GOOD BREAD.

Lows the charms of rounded arms, of type shall love're soft luster shed,

Toky the charms of rounded arms, of type shall love're soft luster shed,

Violes, whose wonderful eyes would light up as he entered, and whose lips would perhaps broath his cheeks with their velvety caresses.

Is sprang to his feet to seek hur, when the door softly opened, and, turning, he saw—could it be a dream conjugated up by his restless fancies of the right before?—his mother: Close behind her was the wholly-wondering, half-apologotic face of his butler. It took him a till minute to realize it was no dream; and then (honor to hie man-

half-aposogetic face of his butler. It took him a tull minute to realize it was no dream; and then (honor to his manhood) a sudden, overwhelming tenderness swept away all else, and with a glad cry of "Mother!" he clasped her to his heart.

When she had grown calmer and more at rest, beginning to look around and wonder and admire, a little feeling of irritation began to grow at his heart. Why had she come? Had he not made all comfortable for her at home? Here she would be constrained, unnatural. And Violet! He could 'picture the astonished look which would creep into her eyes when he said to her, "This is my mother;" my, more, the haughty curve which would gather about her mouth, so rich and ripe and sweet. So the question at his beart found words, and he scarcely himself knew the innate irritation they betrayed.

you must cat and go to bed. You need

But long after he had bidden her good-night he sat and thought.

His mother had come to make ker home with him. That was clear. If he told her he willed otherwise, she would obey.

For a time he planned it out—how he would all, her the city life was not

For a time he planned it out—now he would tell her the city life was not adapted to her needs; and then Violet need never know of the plain, humble little woman who was not ashumed to toll with her own hands that his hands might be the hands of a gentleman.

tleman.

O, shame on him! Could he ever wash them clean even of the thought? No: Violet should know the truth! He could bear the scorn now in her eyes and in her voice as she would question him how he dared look up to her, but his mother should share his home and his heart to the and tleman.

his heart to the end. It was too late now to visit Violet to night, but he went up stairs, and, softly turning the knob of the door of the room where his mother slept, he noiselessly approached the bed, and, bending down, touched his lips to the old withered fore-head, reverently.

She started up with a glad sob of joy-

"My boy! my boy! whom I thought vas not glad to see his mother." He quieted her at last, wondering why his own heart felt so light, and she fell askeep with his hand tightly clasped in

"You did not come last night," said

"You did not come last night," said his betrothed, when, next morning, he stood in her presence.

"No, Violet," he answered; "but I come to-day to tell how unworthy I am of your love. Last night my mother came to me. Nay, do not stare. It was no visitant from the spirit land, but an actual reality. I have never told you of my mother. Think of it—a man so blessed, and yet dumb! All her life she toiled with poverty—for whose sake, think you? Her son's—that she might make him a gentleman. God prospered make him a gentleman. God prospered him, and enabled him to take all the burden from her old shoulders, and so he thought he had done his duty. He fed the body, but he let her heart starve. Last night, in the desperation of her hunger, she sought me out. For a mohunger, she sought me out. For a moment—O, bitter humiliation!—my heart rebelled! Think of it, Violet—the cruel, unnatural pride which would bring into a man's cheek a blush for the woman who bore him. I thought of you, with your pretty, dainty ways, side by side with her plain and homely ones. I knew the two could never be reconciled; and so, Violet, I have come to ask you to forgive and forget me. My heart and my home are my mother's henceforth and foreyer."

Had the man some lingering hope that the girl before him would refuse the sac-

### HOME AND PARM.

DON'T kill bird friends-such as destroy insects.

A GOOD carding of animals at this season stimulates the skin and thus assists the changing of their coats.

The suggestion

Figs and Houses,—The suggestion s made that by rubbing a borse with a secotion of wainut leaves the files may

be kept at a distance.

A WATER-PROOF coment is prepared A. WATER-PROOF coment is prepaired by a German chemist as follows: Dissolve five to ten parts dry gelatine in 100 parts water, then add ten per cont. of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash. Articles united with this give are exposed to the light of the sun, when the bichromate becoming reduced, the gelatine film attains great strength and flexibility.

CREAM SAUCE.—One tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one

GRAM SAUCE.—One tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one cup of cold milk, salt, pepper; put butter in small saucepan, and, when hot, add flour, sir until perfectly smooth, but do not let it brown; then add the milk gradually, stirring all the time; boil two minutes, then add chicken and pepper, and salt to taste.

SPANISH EGGS .- Cook one cup of rice SPANISH EGGS.—Cook one cup of rice thirty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt; drain through a colander, and then add one tablespoonful of butter. Spread on a hot platter very lightly. Now on the rice place six dropped eggs, and serve.

GINGER COOKIES.—One tencupful of brown super, one of New Orleans

Grioer Cooker.—One teacupful of brown sugar, one of New Orleans molasses, one of thick sour cream, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of saleratus (dissolved in a little cold water), and one egg; mix soft; roll half an inch thick; bake in a moderate oven.

A wittren in the Farmer's Review gives the following remedy as a sure

A WRITTER in the Farmer's Revious gives the following remedy as a sure preventive against the ravages of the cabbage worm. Place the suds used in washing in sunshine until soured. When the worms appear sprinkle the plants three or four sprinklings. This has proved a success. Several persons have tried this simple remedy and raised the best cabbage they ever raised, and consider it a success.

fresh and keen, all along the coast; so fresh and keen, all along the coast; so to it the vertical sun of the tropics loses all its power even at noon, and the long equatorial night has a chill which renders it unsafe as well as uncomfortable to a sleep in the open air, and unwise and almost impossible to dispense with heavy blankets. On the western coast of South America the vapors that would be wafted and the vapors that would be wafted and the perennial breezes which, as I said, come up from the Pole, and they are driven upward till they reach the summit of the mountain wall of the Andes, where, condensed by the cold of that lofty region, they fall in copious rain, drenching and fertilizing the eastern slope and leaving it untouched, arid, barren and desolate. For the six winter months in the year, what in the West Indies is the rainy season is here the season of clouds and fors. We have the

## Inherited Tendencies to Discuse.

Dr. J. R. Bisek, in the Popular Science Monthly, says: Seventy thousand persons in America yearly die of con-sumption, most of whom have inherited sumption, most of whom have inherited the disease. Vast numbers inherit a tendency to rhounstism, epilepsy, insanity, cancer, indigestion, migraine, neuralgia, asthma and to early loss of sight and hearing. No other cause of grief and suffering compares with that due, to organic defects handed down from purest to child. Of our forty millions of people probably twenty-six millions inherit some constitutional defect. But hitherto, little has been done feet. But hitherto little has been done to arrest these tendencies. Physiciaus are called only to the sick. On the contrary, those who have inherited ten-dencies to disease are generally as care-less of their health as others; while, in the case of those who already show the the case of those who already show the tendency, their friends are apt to pursue just the course most likely to strengthen a. For instance, a consumptive is shut up from the out-door air and gentle exercise, though these are his only hope. Moreover, the whole influence of our Moreover, the whole influence of our social life and practices encourages the thoughtless squandering of vital reserve. As a consequence we are degenorating as a people. The death-rate and birth-rate are steadily approximating. The difference is already less in New England than in any country of Europe, France alone excepted. Tetthere is no inherent difficulty in the way of extir pating hereditary disease. Hygienic care would accomplish it—such care as can come only from a medical expert, and such as we are all ready to resort to in acute diseases. Able physicians have thus been able to extirpate tuber-cular consumption from themselves, their families and descendants.

## An Intelligent Horse.

A whither in the Farmer's Review gives the following remedy as a sure preventive against the ravages of the cabbage worm. Flace the suds used in washing in sunshine until soured. When the worms appear sprinkle the plants three or four sprinklings. This has proved a success. Several persons have tried this simple remedy and raised the best cabbage they ever raised, and consider it a success.

Honey forms an ingredient in many of the compositions recommended for the face because of its healing properties. A foreign physician, who has devoted considerable time and study to the subject, furnishes the following recipe for inducing clearness of complexion: One ounce of honey, three ounces of ground barley and the white of an egg mixed to a paste, and spread thickly over the face before retiring. In the morning it is to be washed off with warm water, wetting the surface with a sponge and letting it soften first. This application is to be repeated each night until the skin becomes fine and soft. In addition a daily bath in tepid water, followed with vigorous rabbing, is advised. This recipe is probably as good as any, and has the merit of being quite simple and harmless.

Do not attempt to clean any loosewoven carpet which allows the dust to sift through it on to the floor under-word and the floor under-word in the floor under-word in the simple and harmless.

With respect to Dr. Schliemann's sure of the cabbage they ever alsed, and not only knows every customers on a certain route in New York. "Billy" is abseen on the route for three years, and not only knows every customers, on a certain route in New York. "Billy" is abseen on the route for three years, and not only knows every customers, but the days upon which to stop, for some of the customers do not buy milk the days upon which to stop, for some of the customers do not buy milk the days upon which to stop, for some of the customers do not buy milk the days upon which to stop at certain route in New York. "Billy 'is abseen on the route for the days upon which to s "Billy," is the name of an irtelligent

good as any, and has the merit of being quite simple and harmless.

Do not attempt to clean any loose-woven carpet which allows the dust to sift through it on to the foor underneath, without taking it up and shaking and beating it through. When tacked down again it may be brightened and grease and dirt spots removed by scrubbing it with warm soapsuds to which has been added harshorn (ammonia) if the carpet is much soiled use about four tablespoonfuls of ammonia to a bucket of water; otherwise a less amount will be sufficient. To lay the dust in sweeping a rag or other carpet, there is nothing better than corn-ment sprinkled over it.

The Climate of South America.

South America, it might be said, has no climate at all. Here, in this southern continent, the same wind from the South Pole blows throughout the year, fresh and keen, all along the coast; so fresh and keen, all along the coast; so fresh and keen that on the sea or close to it the vertical sun of the tropics loses all its power even at noon, and the long equatorial night has a chill which renders

seemed a pity to touch it with the seis- sors; and she would seem more natural- like to Bernard in her stiff dress.  How often she had pictured him in his lonely home! She hoped he might be out when ahe arrived, that she might take off her bonnet, and, slipping on her white cap, let him find her, with her knitting in hand, quietly seated by the fire-side, waiting his return.  All the way in the train, when at last she had got started on her journey, she could hardly keep her happy thoughts to herself, and more than one glanced at the smiling old face, with a some- thing tugging at their heart-strings which almost brought moisture into	"She must suspect nothing," He would find her, be knew, in his study. As he seftly opened the door he anticipated her cry of "My boy," as she tremblingly rose to greet him; but, ah, he had not anticipated the picture which met his gaze.  His mother was sitting, indeed, in the arm-chair by the fire; but at her feet, her head resting in her lap, while the old fingers caressingly stroked the luxuriant chestmut-colored hair, was another figure, which rose, instead, to welcome him.  "Bernard," the sweat voice whispered in his ear, "I lost my mother when I was a baby. It has been so sweet to find one again. You said	water-shed, passing over the western- slope and leaving it untouched, arid, barren and desolate. For the six winter months in the year, what in the West Indies is the rainy season is here the season of clouds and fogs. We have the constant threat of rain, with hardly ever a drop of it, and the sun, that breaks out in pale glimpies towards noon, is seen but not felt. This is especially the case with Feru, the coast of which, pro- jecting westward in all its length from Arica to Payta, is more immediately ex- posed to the polar wind and more un- mercifully searched and blighted by its blast. That its climate, as a tropical one, may be all the better for it, is very	A SLIPPER-Y DIFFERENCE,—A man's slipper is made for comfort. A woman's slipper for show.  A woman wears her slipper to show her colored steckings. A man doesn't.  A woman kicks off her slippers immediately on gaining the privacy of her chamber. A man doesn't.  A woman's slipper pinches her toes to a point somewhat like unto the shape of a hen's bill. A man's doesn't.  A woman's slipper is never too tight in company; but how she groans and grumbles in private—about her corus—not her slippers.—N. Y. Graphic.	B cla in incop Ch tra pa ou ch sa N
their eyes.  It was quite nightfall when the city was reached. There had been some slight delay on the road, and the old lady felt a sinking at the brave heart which had prompted her mission. How- ever, she succeeded in finding a cabman	'Henceforth your home and heart were hers.' O, my love, may we not share the boon?''—London Paper. Devices of Paris Smugglers.	possible; and, indeed, there is no fault to be found with it on the score of human health; but it is dull and gloomy and doomed to perpetual drought. There is no moisture or dew in the land, and consequently no vegatation, or only that which is fostered by the scanty rills	THE MARKETS.  NEW YORK, May 29, 1880.	You was a remarkable to the second
willing to take her to the address she held in her hand.  "It must be a mistake, or he has brought me to the wrong place. O, dear, what shall I do?" she sighed, as the drew rein before a large, handsome house, presenting a well-lighted front,	A JEBERT wagon continually entered and left Paris. It was empty. The local customs officers were always told that no dutiable article was in it. A rapid inspection was made; nothing could be seen; it was allowed to enter. But the other day an inspector thought	creeping through the sand and stone of their narrow gleas, and only breaking down, torrent-fashion, when the thaw of the perpetual snows of the Cordillera sets in in good earnest in the summer months.—South American Cor. London	TAOUR—Extra Ohio. \$4 00 a \$6 50 WHEAT—Red Winter No. 2 1 41 65 1 4215 (ORN—No. 1 White 1 2845 1 225 (ORN—No. 1 White 1 2845 1 225 (ORN—No. 2 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 6 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1 6 1	-
in one of the most aristocratic portions of Mayfair.  But cabby reassured her and she soon found herself, surrounded by boxes and bundles, facing the formidable "gentle- man" who opened the door.	that he "smelt a rat," so he looked and he smelt, and at last he found that the roof of the Jersey wagon was double, was lined with zinc and filled with brandy, held in a tank six feet long, three feet wide, three inches	How to Write for the Papers.  The Boston Post hits the nail on the head when it says: Communications should be brief, and there are several	WOOL-Pulled. 20 % 52 Character   10 % 52 Chara	656
Save for a suspicious shortness of a portion of his attire, which reached only to his knees, where they were met by stiff leather leggings, the worthy woman would have dropped him a courtesy.  "Past the Doctor's office hours, ma'am," he said, in response to her feeble appeal. "It's as much as my place is worth to take in your card."	domiciled in Taris but with his manu- factory outside, continually sent Jersey wagons, filled with toys, from manufac- tory to shop. The first Jersey was carefully examined. The second was superficially examined. This third was suspiciously examined. This was just	reasons for this. In the first place, newspaper space is valuable. The modern newspaper is never troubled with the old-time complaint of needing "something to fill up." The editor's scalpel is constantly recking from the slaughter of live news matter and interesting miscellany. Short communications are much more likely to find readers than	OATS—No. Local St. 41 (HIESE—Choice Factory 10 11 11 (Onto Dairy 07 2 46 HIESE—Choice 11 4 21 HIGGS 11 14 114 FOTATORS 11 14 115 KGDS—Timothy 2 55 2 26 2 60 Clover 4 25 64 2 60 Clover 4	AND THE STREET
"But I have no card. He'll see me.  m—P'n—" But she did not finish the sentence— only stepped inside of the door and stood under the full glare of the light of the hall lamp.  The man looked askance at the singu- lar apparition. Her hat was crushed and bent, her dress bore evidence of the dust of travel, and in her hand was	dolls, Punch's hunchback and drums filled with alcohol.  Mrss Mary Florence-Barino, said now to be the figures of Prince Leupoid.	long ones are, and unless they are to be read it is much better not to publish them. More contributions can be represented where the articles are short than when they are long, and one man has as strong a claim upon the columns as another, providing he furnishes as interesting matter. A short article is usually more pithy and pointed than a long one. A subject should have many	PLOUR-Family   \$4 90   \$6 00   WHEAT   \$1 14   COHN   \$5 1 14   COHN   \$5 1 14   COHN   \$5 4 10   WHEAT   \$5 10   \$5 00   \$6	WA A BOOK SHARE
a hige bandbox, containing the hat which was to astonish the Londoners.  "Indeed, ma'am—" the man began but the old lady walked steadily on to the door, beneath whose threshold she descried a stream of light.  The hot flush had by this time burned out of Dr. Molton's cheek. The morn- ine's dawn had dissinated the foolish	of England, is a grand-daughter of the first Lord Ashburton by his wife, Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, who was a daughter of Senstor William Bingham.  It is awful hard to realize that a woman is an august when one sees her pick up a clothes prop fourteen feet long to drive a two-ounce chicken out of the	ramifications to demand more than half a column in a newspaper, while all that could be saved even from that limit up to a certain point is apt to be an improvement. That prince of journalists, the late Samuel Howles, once apologized for a long indicorial, and gave as his excuse lack of time to write a short one. He expressed an important truth in his usual epigrammatic way.	Heavy	H

DURING March, 83 vessels left the Mersey with 13,563 passengers. Of these, 12,167 went to the United States, 812 to British North America, 170 to South America, 28 to Australia, 67 to the East Indies, 21 to the West Indies, 62 to China and 35 to the west coast of Africa. The nationalities of the emi-grants were: English, 5,053; Scotch, 82; Irish, 2,287; foreign, 5,614.

The Simbborn Convisced.

In writing of Warner's Ends Bemedies, the Sentiack Weeksport, N. Y., has the following:
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appear.

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of the Size. Chrossic Sizes Eyes are General Besting,
I have also recommended it to a great many present
in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction.

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Your very valuable modicine, "Vegetine," extered the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being asset her life.

Very grantedly,

Mills, J. J. SIMMONS.

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# SOCIETY

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